

15 Words 15c

## Farmer Classified Ads

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(Continued.)

My opponent's body was as beautiful as his head. The smooth white skin covered long muscles that rippled beneath it with every slightest motion. The chest was deep, the waist and hips narrow, the shoulders well rounded. In contrast my own big, prominent muscles, trained by heavy farm work of my early youth, seemed to move slowly, to knot sluggishly though powerfully. Nevertheless I judged at a glance that my strength could not but prove greater than his. In a boxing match his little quickness might win, provided he had the skill to direct it. But in a genuine fight within the circumscribed and hampering dimensions of our little room I thought my own rather unusual power must crush him. The only unknown quantity was the spirit of gameness of us two. I had no great doubt of my own determination in that respect. I had been on too many log drives to fear personal encounter. And certainly Talbot Ward seemed to show nothing but eager intent.

"You don't show up for what you are in your clothes," said he. "This is going to be more fun than I had thought."

My roommates perched on the table and the mantelpiece out of the way. I asked the length of the rounds.

"Rounds!" echoed Talbot Ward, with a dash of teeth beneath his little mustache. "Did you ever hear of rounds in a real fight?"

CHAPTER II.

The Hammerlock.

WITH the words he sprang forward and hit me twice. The blows started at the very toe of his foot, and they shook me as no blows, even with the bare fist, had ever shaken me before or since. Completely dazed, I struck back, but encountered only the empty air. Four or five times from somewhere those pile driver fists descended upon me. Being now prepared to some extent, I raised my elbows and managed to defend my neck and jaws. The attack was immediately transferred to my body, but I stiffened my muscles, thankful and took the punishment. My river and farm work had so hardened me that I believe I could have taken the kick of a mule without damage were I expecting it.

The respite enabled my brain to clear. I recovered slowly from the effect of those first two vicious blows. I saw Ward, his eyes narrowed calculatingly, his body swinging forward like a whalebone spring, delivering his attack with nice accuracy. A slow anger glowed through me. He had begun without the least warning, had caught me absolutely unaware. I hit back.

He was so intent on his own assault, so certain of the blinding effect of his first attack, that I hit him. I saw his head snap back and the blood come from his lips. The blows were weak, for I was still dazed, but they served, together with the slow burn of my anger, greatly to steady me. We were once more on equal terms.

For perhaps two minutes I tried to exchange with him. He was in and out like lightning. He landed on me hard almost every time. He escaped nine out of ten of my return counters. Decidedly I was getting the worst of this, though my heavier body took punishment better than his lighter and more nervous frame. Then suddenly it occurred to me that I was playing his game for him. As long as he could keep away from me he was at an advantage. My best chance was to close.

From that moment I took the aggressive and was in consequence the more punished. My rushes to close in were skillfully eluded, and then he really laid me wide open. My head was slung, and my sight uncertain, though I was in no real distress. Ward danced away and slipped around tense as a panther.

Then by a very simple ruse I got hold of him. I feinted at rushing him, stopped and hit instead and then, following closely the blow, managed to seize his arm. For ten seconds he jerked and twisted and struggled to release himself. Then suddenly he gave that up, dove forward and caught me in a grapevine.

He was a fairly skillful wrestler and very strong. It was as though he were made of whalebone springs. But never yet have I met a man of my weight who possessed the same solid strength, and Ward would tip the scales at considerably less. I broke his hold and went after him.

He was as lively as an exceedingly slippery fish. Time after time he all but wriggled from my grasp, and time after time he broke my hold by sheer agility. His exertions must have been to him something terrible, for they required every ounce of his strength at the greatest speed. I could, of course, take it much easier, and every instant I expected to feel him weaken beneath my hands, but apparently he was as vigorous as ever. He was in excellent training. As I have said, I managed to jerk him whirling past me, to throw his feet from under him and to drop him beneath me. As he fell he twisted, and by a sheer fluke I caught his

wrist.

Thus through no great skill of my own the fortunes of war had given me a hammerlock on him. Most people know what that is. Any one else can find out by placing his forearm across the small of his back and then getting somebody else to press upward on the forearm. The Greek statue of "The Wrestler" illustrates it. As the pressure increases so does the pain. When the pain becomes intense enough the wrestler rolls over, and the contest is won. Some people can stand it longer than others, but all sooner or later must give up. In fact, skilled wrestlers, knowing that otherwise the inevitable end is a broken arm, save themselves much tribulation by immediately conceding the bout once this deadly hold is gained.

I began to force Talbot Ward's hand slowly up his back.

Very gently, an inch at a time, I pressed. He said nothing. Once he attempted to slip sideways, but, finding me of course fully prepared for that, he instantly ceased struggling. After I had pushed the hand to the hurting point I stopped.

"Well," said I.

Now, I was young and none too well disciplined, heated by contest and very angry at having been so unexpectedly attacked at the beginning. I was quite willing to hurt him a little. Slowly and steadily and, I am ashamed to say, with considerable satisfaction I pressed the arm upward. The pain must have been intense. I could feel the man's body quiver between my



He Escaped Nine Out of Ten of My Return Counters.

knees and saw the sweat break out afresh. Still he made no sign, but dug his forehead into the floor. "I can stand this as long as you can," said I to myself grimly.

But at last I reached the point where I knew that another inch, another pound, would break the bone.

"No to you give up?" I demanded.

"No!" he gasped explosively.

"I'll break your arm!" I snarled at him.

He made no reply.

The blood was running into my eyes from a small scrape on my forehead. It was nothing, but it annoyed me. I was bruised and heated and mad. Every bit of antagonism in me was aroused. As far as I was concerned, it was a very real fight.

"All right," I growled, "I'll keep you there then, — you!"

Holding the arm in the same position, I settled myself. The pain to the poor chap must have been something fearful, for every muscle and tendon was stretched to the cracking point. His breath came and went in sharp hisses, but he gave no other sign. My heart cooled, though, as I look back on it, far too slowly. Suddenly I arose and flung him from me.

He rolled over on his back and lay, his eyes half closed, breathing deeply. We must have been a sweet sight, we two young barbarians, myself marked and swollen and bloody, he with one eye puffed and pale as death. My roommates, absolutely fascinated, did not stir.

The tableau lasted only the fraction of a minute, after all. Then abruptly Talbot Ward sat up. He grimaced at me with his characteristic momentary flash of teeth.

"I told you you couldn't lick me," said he.

I stared at him in astonishment.

"Licked? Why, I had you cold!"

"You had not."

"I'd have broken your arm if I had gone any further."

"Well, why didn't you?"

I stared into his eyes blankly.

"Would you have done it?" I asked in a sudden flash of illumination.

"Why, of course," said he, with a

faint contempt as he arose.

"Why did you hit me at first as you did? You gave me no warning whatever."

"Do you get any warning in a real fight?"

He could not controvert this, and yet unthinkingly, vaguely I felt there must be a fallacy somewhere. I had been told and not told what should or should not be done in an affair that apparently could have no rules and yet had distinctions as to fair and unfair, some of which were explained and some left as obvious. I felt somewhat confused. But often in my later experience with Talbot Ward I felt just that way, so in retrospect it does not strike me so forcibly as it did at that time.

"But you're a wonder, a perfect wonder!" Ward was saying.

Then we all became aware of a knocking and a rattling at the door. It must have been going on for some time.

"If you don't open I'll get the police!" I promise you, I'll get the police!" the voice of our landlady was saying.

We looked at each other aghast.

"I suppose we must have been making a little noise," conceded Talbot Ward. "Noise! It must have sounded like though the house were coming down. Our ordinary little boxing matches were nothing to it."

Ward threw his military cape around his shoulders and sank back into a seat beneath the window. I put on an overcoat. One of the boys let her in. She was thoroughly angry, and she gave us all notice to go. She had done that same every Saturday night for a year, but we had always wheedled her out of it. This time, however, she was determined to mean business. I suppose we had made a good deal of a racket. When the fact became evident I, of course, shouldered the whole responsibility. Thereupon she turned on me. Unexpectedly Talbot Ward spoke up from the obscurity of his corner. His clear voice was inclusive, but so courteous with the cold finality of the high school aristocrat that Mrs. Simpkins was cut short in the middle of a sentence.

"I beg you, calm yourself, madam," said he. "It is not worth heating yourself over, for the annoyance, such as it is, will soon be removed. Mr. Munroe and myself are shortly departing together for California."

If I had any scruples—and I do not remember many—they were overcome within the next day or two. It was agreed that I was to go in Ward's employ, he to pay my passage money and all expenses, I to give him half the gold I might pick up. This seemed to me at least an eminently satisfactory and businesslike arrangement. Ward bought the outfit for both of us. It turned out that he was a Mexican war veteran—hence the military cape—and in consequence an old campaigner. His experience and my rural upbringing saved us from most of the ridiculous purchases men made at that time. We had stout clothes and boots, a waterproof apron, picks and shovels, blankets and long strips of canvas, three axes, knives, one rifle, a double shotgun and a Colt's revolver apiece. The latter seemed to me a wonderful weapon, with its six charges in the turning cylinder, but I had no opportunity to try it.

Ward decided instantly for the Panama route.

"It's the most expensive, but also the quickest," said he. "A sailing ship around the Horn takes forever, and across the plains is ditto. Every day we wait some other fellow is landing in the diggings."

Nearly every evening he popped into our boarding house, where, owing to the imminence of my departure, I had been restored to favor. I never did find out where he lived. We took our passage at the steamship office. We went to the variety shows and sang "Oh, Susannah!" with the rest. We strutted a bit and were only restrained from donning our fannel shirts and Colt's revolving pistols in the streets of New York by a little remnant, a very little remnant, of common sense.

When the time at last came we boarded our steamship and hung over the rail and cheered like crazy things. I personally felt as though a lid had been lifted from my spirit and that a rolling cloud of enthusiasm was at last allowed to puff out to fill my heaven.

(To Be Continued.)

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**SECRETARIAL**  
**POSITION BY**  
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**AND THOROUGHLY CAPABLE**  
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Is very annoying and is generally caused by a disordered stomach. CERTILAX, "The Certified Laxative," gets at the cause and removes it. CERTILAX acts gently but firmly on the bowels and liver, stimulating them to natural action, clearing the blood and purifying the entire system. They do all and more than Calomel and other harsh cathartics do without any bad after effects. CERTILAX contains nothing of a harmful or habit forming nature; they are made of the favorite formula of a specialist of New York City and have been selected as the best by more than five hundred graduate women embalmers and undertakers in their practice. For sale at all drug stores, or sent direct on receipt of price—two, 50c. 50c. Curts Chemical Co., 117 E. 24th St., New York.

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I HAVE BUYERS for a few moderate priced homes. D. R. Whitney, 83 Fairfield Ave. D 10 s\*

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DR. MANSFIELD, the foot specialist, 1107 Main street over Dillon's, who was injured in the Milford wreck will resume practice first week of June. D 13 d\*

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TAR AND CEMENT SIDEWALKS and roofing, blue stone and cement curbs, sand and gravel. Estimates cheerfully given. Thomas Broderick contractor. Phone 7739, 1305 North Ave. R 18 s\*

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THE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL, 836 Fairfield Ave. College preparatory; technical and professional schools, civil service, Hotchkiss Hill, etc. Elementary and advanced subjects—personal work with every student. Enrollment now the best preparation for summer examinations or next year's work. R 6 b\*

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## Safes

SAFES—New and second hand; office and house sizes. Walter B. Marsh, 192 Fairfield Ave. A 37 s\*

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LOST—\$50, on Saturday, somewhere between Trust, Bridgeport Gas Light and First Bridgeport National Bank. Liberal reward. Communicate with R. F. care Farmer. D 12 u\*

LOST—Pekinese dog, answers to the name of Bobbie. Reward if returned to 430 Pequonnock St., Tel. 2312. D 7 s\*

## Help Wanted Male

WANTED—A good strong boy to learn the plumbing trade. Apply Lynch & Co., 150 Elm street. D 13 s\*

PLUMBER WANTED—One who is good on jobbing and mill work. Good wages. No other need apply. Address, "Plumber," care Farmer. D 12 b\*

LABORERS WANTED at the Wheeler & Howes Co., steady employment and good wages. D 10 s\*

WANTED—Young man to learn Copper plate engraving. Must know how to spell correctly. Southworth's, 10 Arcade. D 6 d\*

## For Sale

FOR SALE—White Russian Samoyed puppies. J. M. Berkley, 2985 Fairfield avenue. D 14 b\*

FOR SALE—1 double dump cart; 1 cheap spring platform truck, new, cheap. D. Sofferstein, 168 Calhoun avenue. D 14 b\*

FOR SALE—\$2,000 first mortgage, six per cent.; first class. Address, P.O. 342. D 13 s\*

FOR SALE—2 family house, 4 rooms each, 2 in attic, South End, west of Park avenue. Address P. O. 342. D 13 s\*

\$500 WILL BUY a three room house and lot at Pine Creek beach, Fairfield, Conn. W. E. Johnson, 16 North avenue extension. D 13 d\*

FOR SALE—Park St., Paradise Green, a nice 6 room cottage, improvements, 2 minutes to trolley. \$5,500; cash \$1,000, balance mortgage. W. W. Beers, Stratford. D 10 s\*

FOR SALE—Two building lots on Sixth street. Inquire Farmers' Supply and Roofing Co., 258 Middle Street. D 9 s\*

FOR SALE—Young horse with or without harness and buggy. Call M. J. Ladwig, R. F. D. No. 1, Stratfield, Tolland. D 9 s\*

SEVERAL GOOD two family houses located in residential sections, at \$1,000 investment. Call, write or phone L. Weiss, 1438 Main St. Tel. 2743-3. R 26 s\*

FOR SALE—Restaurant, good locality, and good reason for selling. Call 1338-13. R 18 s\*

VIOLIN FOR SALE—Excellent tone; perfect condition; good bow and leather case; will sell cheap. Write M. S. 28, Farmer. D 3 p\*

VIOLIN—Rare old instrument; in finest preservation; wonderful tone; sacrifice price bargain. Address Chance 75, Farmer. D 3 p\*

COAL YARD FOR SALE located in an attractive city on the water front equipped and only three (3) minutes from the railroad. Address Coal, Care of Farmer. D 6 d\*

FOR SALE—Nine room house in West End, on easy payments Address House, Care Farmer. D 27 s\*

FOR SALE—One large sofa, practically new, bargain, see P. Anderson, 305 Fairfield Ave. U 17 s\*

BIG BARGAIN FOR CASH BUYER.—\$3,500 cash buys a business block, with all improvements in a desirable location. Has an income of \$1,560 per year. Will sell for \$11,500; \$8,000 to remain on mortgage. If interested, call, write or phone L. Weiss, 1438 Main street. Tel. 2742-3. R 26 s\*

MOVE INTO A NEW HOME OF your own. Your rent will pay for it. Several new cottages and bungalows to be sold on rental payments, with a small payment down. Property at Myrtle Beach, near trolley, and fine bathing beach; 30 minutes from Bridgeport by trolley. Buildings have all improvements, complete bath rooms, gas. Plenty of sleeping rooms. Built for all year use. Good investment. Good locality. Low prices. For particulars write or telephone George Hopkins, builder and owner, Milford, Conn. Telephone 150, Milford. D 14 s\*

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AMBULANCES—Invalid cars and Invalids. Charges reasonable. James T. Bourke, 1295 Main street. Phone 1661. D 7 d\*

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AUTOMOBILE OWNERS ATTENTION: We can save you money on your automobile, fire and liability insurance. Give us a chance to figure before you insure elsewhere. Zaimon Goodsell & Co., No. 1094 Main street. Phone No. 31. S 2 s\*

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SAILS, AWNINGS, COAL BAGS. Spray Hoods, Canvas Covers, Rope Splicing. Geo. L. Harrington, 175 East Main street. Tel. 5948. D 16 c\*

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MRS. LEVY, readings 25c and 50c. Telephone 5552, 1152 Madison avenue, formerly of 674 Madison avenue. D 15 s\*

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THE MODERN and scientific methods employed in my practice such as electric light rays, neuropeathy, chiropractic, massage, hygiene, are in accord with nature and will improve and restore your health. Dr. Adolf O. Steinfeldt, Douglas practitioner. Security Building, Tel. 6788; consultation free. B 17 s\*

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DIAMONDS on credit—Diamonds, watches and solid gold. Exclusively designed jewelry. Weekly payments. Will call. Rothblum, 425 State St. downstairs. R 9 s\*

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SCALLY BROS., 105 STATE ST. Largest dealers of second hand furniture in the state. We pay more than others; we have less to pay. C 10 a\*

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AMERICAN woman wishes position as housekeeper in small family. Address A. A. B. 42, Fourth St. D 14 s\*

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WANTED—Position on farm with house rent by married man. Address T. J. Rabideau, General Delivery, City. R 8 s\*

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WANTED—By man and wife, place as coachman and housework. Call 181 Orland street. R 2 s\*

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YOUNG MAN would like to learn any part of machinist's trade. Salary to start. Address H. Stride, 30 Elm St., City. S 6 d\*

POSITION WANTED—Woman about 40 wants position to do general housework, no pastry. N. B. C. care of General Delivery, Post Office. U 13 s\*

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